

Semi-Weekly Interior Journal.

VOLUME X.—NUMBER 510.

STANFORD, KY., TUESDAY, JULY 3, 1883.

NEW SERIES—NUMBER 160.

Semi-Weekly Interior Journal

W. P. WALTON, — Editor and Proprietor

Published Tuesdays and Fridays,

\$2.50 PER ANNUM.

*Please don't send stamps in payment of subscription, except to make change, and then do it in sums not over three cents.

How Cable Messages are Received.

Until the forepart of November the French cable, having its terminus at North Eastham, Mass., employed the flash system of signaling. Now the cable is worked duplex in the Sterns system, using an automatic recorder, by which the messages are received in ink on a narrow strip of paper.

By the system which has been displaced the messages were spelled out by flashing a ray of light back and forth across a standard line, the right and left flashes corresponding with the dots and dashes of the ordinary telegraphic alphabet. In this system the light is flashed by reflection from an extremely light mirror, which is turned to right and left by the opposing influences of positive and negative impulses. This system has the advantage of being operated with slight electric impulse; but also the disadvantage of leaving no permanent record. To secure the latter very important end the recording instrument has been adopted.

A recent visitor to Heart's Content describes as follows the method of receiving messages at that point. The recorder is a horseshoe magnet, electrified by the usual circles of fine wire, and attracting a small metallic coil. The coil is hung between the magnetic poles, and by a light lever and a thread almost as fine as the strand of a cobweb is connected with a delicate siphon hung in a little reservoir of ink. The ink is electrified, so as to produce a repulsion of the particles, making it flow more readily through the siphon, which outside is about the size of a darning needle, and the interior tube scarcely larger than a hair. The lower end of the siphon rests against a paper tape playing perpendicularly through rollers. The whole machine is almost of gossamer fineness and flexibility, so as to minimize the electric strain necessary for working the cable.

Let us imagine now that a coming message has been signaled from far across the ocean at Valentia. The operator at first opens the simple machinery that works the brass rollers. On the centre of the tape, as it passes between the rollers, the siphon at first marks only a straight line. Suddenly the line swerves to the right or left. The message has started, and the end of the siphon has begun its record. Worked by two keys, and positively or negatively electrified, the coil swings the siphon point now to one side, now to the other, along the tape. Responsive to the trained hand of the operator, the filament of ink marks out one notch, two notches, three notches; then suddenly it may be a high elevation or depression, until the delicate line traced on the tape looks like the tiny outline of a mountain range.

But it is a range whose very hilltop, peak and valley means an alphabetical symbol to the telegrapher's eye. The recorder is the invention of the famous electrician Sir William Thomson. How delicate an interpreter it is may be inferred from the fact that ten jars work 1,800 miles of cable between Valentia and Heart's Content, while twenty-five jars of the same electric power would be needed to work 350 miles of land wire; in other words, the recorder is more than twelve times as efficient for its purpose as the ordinary Morse instrument. The recorder traces its character on the tape about as fast as a slow penman copies a letter. Besides its delicacy of work, the recorder, as its name imports, has the merit of leaving the record of the message.

LET THE PEOPLE REMEMBER.—Let the people remember that the Federal government is collecting more money than it can honestly and economically spend; that in the surplus lies temptation to extravagance and jobbery; that every act of misgovernment of the republican party, from the Grant Ring steals to the Star Route frauds, can be traced to it; that until it is rooted out of our political system there will be no end to such evils; that the democratic party stands pledged, with wits it has never yet broken, to reform and economy, and a reduction of the revenues, and that its great victory of last fall was won upon such principles.—[Watertown Reunion.]

One of Gov. Knott's Stories.

In the genial company of the story-tellers of Kentucky who haunt Mr. Knott's rooms, I have heard many dramatic recitals. Possibly nothing more dramatic than the midnight adventure of a Kentucky major at a wedding where he was as a young man, "full of blood and h—l, sir."

In his day a Kentucky wedding was the occasion of the most lavish hospitality. The house of the particular wedding described by the major was packed with guests. They all were jolly and happy. The evening was one round of gayety. At midnight when he came to go to bed the head of the major was racked and heavy from numerous potations. He just remembered he was to sleep in a room at the end of the hall, on the third story. His bed-fellow was to be the groom's best man. When he reached the end of the hall he could not remember whether it was the right or left bed-room. He hesitated a moment, and then chanced on the left.

Evidently he had made no mistake. The room was unoccupied. He undressed rapidly, tossing his clothes in every direction. In a moment he was in bed, the light out, and a second later sound asleep.

Suddenly he was waked by a fist in his back, and then a feminine voice said: "Wake up, Nelly, I want to talk before I go to sleep."

Then the Major did wake, and trembled with horror. He remembered now that the two belles of the century, the handsomest women in Kentucky, had the room opposite him. He had gotten into the wrong room and bed. The last comer had come up, had undressed in the dark, and had stolen in by the side of what she thought was her companion.

The major fairly shivered with fright. At any moment the real companion might come, and then he knew what would follow. The girls had several uncles, cousins and brothers in the house. They all shot very well. A scene would merely result in his being riddled first and allowed to explain afterward.

After one second, an eternity of thought, the major resolved on a bold course. He jumped from the bed as if he were in the company of a snake. Then he said, in a low tone of voice: "Miss, for God's sake don't scream. There is a horrible mistake here. Don't scream. I am going to get my clothes and get out. For God's sake don't scream!"

Not hearing a word in reply, the major began to hunt for his clothes. He did not dare strike a light. He was in the very short night garments of the period, and it could not be too dark for him. He hunted his clothes with great difficulty, dreading each moment to see the door open and the other young lady walk in. Finally he huddled all his clothes together, all but one stocking, when a voice from the bed said: "Hurry up, sir!" At this he bolted to the door. Luck was on his side. No one was in the hall. He made a dash across and arrived in his own room, where his friend hadn't yet arrived.

Hardly had he closed the door when he heard a rush of flying feet down the hall and the rustle of skirts as the room opposite was entered by belle No. 2.

It was a lucky escape. The stocking was afterward discovered, but as no owner could be found for it, no scandal was created.

To hear the hero of this story relate it, with all the dash and style of a true Kentucky story-teller, would give an outside individual a good idea of the powers of entertainment of the Kentucky people who followed Mr. Knott, crowded his rooms and swear by him in all the acts of his political career.

About the greatest curse the industrious sheep-raiser has to contend with is the sheep-killing cur. He is worse than the rot, or pneumonia, or fever, or black-tongue. He is a danger continually hanging over the flock. No stress of weather, no force of circumstances, no combination of events, nothing short of a shot-gun policy, or a liberal poison programme, can debar him from his favorite meal of mutton. He is a nuisance, a torment and serious drawback to a most useful and profitable industry. He should be shot on sight, and poisoned on suspicion. He demands legislation, prompt effective, and deadly legislation. A bounty should be put on his scalp, and a premium on his hide. He is of no earthly account, and gets as high as he can possibly climb in the scale of usefulness when he affords the buzzards a square meal.—[Glasgow Times.]

Catarrh is the seed of consumption, and unless taken in time is a very dangerous disease. Hall's Catarrh Cure never fails to cure. Price 75c. Sold by Penny & McAlister.

The green stamp might have served to keep the memory of the father of his country the same color, but the new two-cent stamp bearing his vignette is to be red.—[Chicago Times.]

The Latest Fashion in Coffins.

An enterprising Chicago man has invented a "marble burial casket," which has had considerable sale in the West and New York.

It is made of Portland and Keene cement, and is imperishable and indestructible. Surviving friends of the dead have a natural and commendable desire to preserve the bodies of their loved ones from decay as long as possible. Wooden coffins decay very speedily, and those made of iron rust and crumble away in a very short time when subjected to the chemicals of the earth. In the earlier ages stone graves hewn out of solid rock were the favorite receptacles for the dead, not only because they resisted the agencies mentioned, but also because they preserved the dead from the hands of the resurrectionists. Such a thing as a solid marble or a stone grave is out of the question now, however, except among millionaires, but the new burial casket meets all of the ends served by the old stone grave. It is in striking contrast with the dilapidated cloth, wooden and iron caskets, and will supersede the necessity of vaults. Each one of the caskets is a hermetically sealed casket in itself. They are lighter than iron, and the strongest caskets ever made. The interior is perforated zinc set on a wrought-iron skeleton frame. Both the frame and the zinc are embedded in the walls of the casket. The cement grows harder with age.

"One point, and a very strong one, in favor of this casket is that when it is closed it becomes a perfect whole. The cover is joined to the casket with the same cement with which the casket is made, and hence it is hermetically sealed without joint or crack. It is a complete, solid marble case. Another great advantage of our caskets over those of wood or iron is the fact that burial ceremonies can be held with perfect safety over the bodies of persons who have died of contagious diseases. There is not the slightest danger of contagion."

"A first-class marble casket does not cost any more than the best make of iron or wood. The upholstering and the outside trimmings are all of the best quality, and, in fact, precisely the same as those used in ordinary coffins."

Who is Your Mammy?

A Cincinnati bungo steerer approached an Illinois cattle dealer the other day and said: "Why, how do you do, Mr. Black? When did you get here?" The cattle dealer said to the young man: "I guess you are mistaken. My name isn't Black, but Joe Brown, and I'm from Flora, Ill." "O," said the young man, "you must excuse me. I thought you were an old friend of mine by the name of Black, at Indianapolis." "No harm done master," said the cattle man. A couple of blocks and nice young man number two came up all smiles held out his hand and shaking hands, said: "Why, I'm real glad to see you, Mr. Brown. When did you leave Flora, and how is tither?" Said Brown, "I'll be gosh darned if I can tell you how your pap is, for I don't know him." "Don't know my father in Flora," said the young man, "why he's President of the national bank there; you must certainly know John Thompson." "Oh, ho, so John Thompson, President of the First National Bank at Flora, is your pap." "Yes," said the nice young man, all smiles. "Well then, if John Thompson is your pap, who is your mammy, for old John Thompson was never married." The young man suddenly left.

When a citizen of Sault Ste. Marie, Mich., wishes to send a letter to a friend in the opposite village on the Canadian side of the river, he directs it, prepays the postage, and puts it in the post office on the American side; then in order to reach the post office on the Canadian side, which is about one mile distant, the letter goes to Detroit through the United States mails, crosses from Detroit to Windsor, where it enters the Canadian mails, and is sent over Canadian routes back to the Sault, reaching the Canadian office there in about ten days from the time it started—ten days to go one mile. But when one is in a hurry he goes across the river himself and talks to the other fellow; he doesn't write.

A calf in Woodford county swallowed a ball of reaper's twine. The owner of the animal got hold of the end of the twine, and pulled out 674 feet of it, and when our informant left, the calf was still emitting string!—[Post.]

Catarrh is the seed of consumption, and unless taken in time is a very dangerous disease. Hall's Catarrh Cure never fails to cure. Price 75c. Sold by Penny & McAlister.

Treatment of Consumption.

Dr. Felix Oswald says that consumption is more easily cured than any other chronic disease. The population living at an elevation of 4,000 feet above the sea level have been shown to be quite free from consumption. What the doctor calls "indigestion of respiration" is bred by humid climates and stagnant air. He believes in the theory of the German Dr. Koch, that parasites are a phase of the disease, but maintains that their appearance does not amount to a death sentence. "Cease to feed the lungs with azotic gases," he says, "and Dr. Koch's animaletum will starve and disappear." He claims that all but the last stages of consumption can be subdued by outdoor exercise. He condemns the night air superstition, and recommends mountain excursions, even to the extent of a three months' tour under the disadvantages of insufficient clothing and protracted fasts, as certain to effect a cure in a majority of cases. He points out malnutrition of the lungs as one of the causes of consumption and suggests fatty substances and sweet cream as the best lung food. A vocal effort, he says, doesn't injure the respiratory organs; on the contrary, it strengthens them, and he thinks that consumptives should envy cattle drivers, "whose business gives them a plausible pretext for yelling." Too many clothes he considers harmful, whereby the perspiration is forced back upon the body and the lungs have to do double work.

Baby Kissing.

If there is any object on top of God's green earth utterly unkindest and generally repugnant to a man of healthy sentiment, it is somebody else's baby. Indecisive men have been known to yield to the solicitations of fond mothers and actually submit to the indignity of having a new baby thrust under their nostrils, but these men have always repented and usually gone on sprees just to reassert their independence and recover their self-respect. Men who would walk up to a bombshell and spit on the sputtering fuse will quail and cower in abject terror before the muzzle of a baby, even when assured that it is not loaded. Some men don't mind having babies pointed at them, but these are the sort of men who blow down gun barrels and monkey with buzz saws and do almost any foolish thing. It is a well known fact that a man who will knowingly kiss a baby is generally addicted to chenille and worsted work and gossip, and there is a well grounded suspicion that he will steal sheep. This baby kissing tends to make hypocrites of good natured men, and there ought to be a crusade against the pernicious practice indulged in by the perpetrators of babies and frequently abetted by the proud instigators of these inchoate, howling contrivances, of rocklessly pointing them at folks.—[Hancock Courier.]

Railways.

Existing railways cost \$16,000,000, and would reach eight times around the globe. The first steam railway was opened between Darlington and Stockton, September 27th, 1825, and between Manchester and Liverpool on September 15th, 1830. It is shown that in France, previous to the existence of railway, there was 1 passenger in every 350,000 killed and one out of every 30,000 wounded; whereas between 1835 and 1878 there was but one in 5,178,890 killed and 1 in 580,450 wounded, so that we may infer that accidents are yearly diminishing. Railway traveling in England is attended with greater risk than any other country in Europe. A French statistician observes that if a person were to live continually in a railway carriage and spend all his time in traveling, the chance of his dying from a railway accident would not occur until he was 960 years old.

In 1729 the first Catholic church was built in Philadelphia. There are now in that city a magnificent cathedral, besides 44 churches, 53 chapels, two colleges, 12 convents, 22 academies, 36 parochial schools and 24 hospitals and asylums. In the whole archdiocese there are 253 priests and a Catholic population of 300,000.

The Wisconsin man of eighty who married a girl of seventeen a year ago has been heard from again. He is suing for a divorce. He says that his wife has pulled his hair, thrown slops on him, jabbed him with a screwdriver and choked him.

The green stamp might have served to keep the memory of the father of his country the same color, but the new two-cent stamp bearing his vignette is to be red.—[Chicago Times.]

The World, The Flesh and The Devil.

A very thin woman had felt the power of the spirit and been converted and she appeared before the session to pass the preliminary examination.

"Have you experienced a change of heart?" asked the elder, gently.

"Yes, sir, I believe I have."

"And you want to live a new life?"

"Yes, sir, I hope I do."

"Are you willing to renounce the world, the flesh and the devil?"

"Sir?"

"Are you willing to renounce the world, the flesh and the devil?"

"Do I have to do that?"

"Certainly, if you would be a consistent christian."

"Can't I give up two of them and still go into the church?"

"No, the renunciation must be complete."

"Well, then you must excuse me. I want to be a christian. I want to give up the world and the devil, but if a woman as thin already as I am, has to give up any more flesh, she might as well give up wanting to be a christian and go and join a side show as the great American only living skeleton. Gentlemen you will have to excuse me. I want to join the church, but I'm not prepared to join a side show this summer.—[The Drummer.]

The Republican Party Must Go.

We believe the Star route verdict will leave a profound and lasting impression on the public mind. It ought to. The men declared "not guilty" are of no consequence; but the result of this trial will justly be held by all thoughtful citizens as proof that it is high time to make a change; that the "party of great moral ideas" is no longer entitled to their confidence and cannot be safely trusted with the people's money. The verdict is, to be sure, but one of many evidences to the same effect. The River and Harbor jobs, the Robeson Navy jobs, the impudent refusal to make adequate reductions of taxation, the corrupt determination to compel needless and surplus taxes out of the people's pockets, the pension swindle, the unblushing alliance with all sorts of monopolies—all these prove that the republican party has outlived not merely its usefulness, but its moral sense. But it probably needed this result of the Star route trials to break the back of the public's patience.

The Presidential campaign of 1884 will be a battle between the people and the friends of monopoly and jobbery.—[N. Y. Herald.]

MANUFACTURE OF RUBBER SHOES.

The Shoe and Leather Reporter says that there are sixteen rubber boot and shoe factories in the country, nine of which turn out from 1,000 to 5,000 pairs daily and seven of them from 8,000 to 20,000 pairs, aggregating about 90,000 a day, or 27,000,000 pairs a year. A great deal of attention is bestowed on the style and finish of rubber shoes. Some of the specialties made by leading manufacturers are as handsome as any that are made of cloth or leather. The sales have been largely increased by these improvements. On the other hand the rubber shoe people aim to put into their stock the utmost amount of dirt that is possible; for the more dirt the less cost to them.

Toney Weller, father of the lively Samivel, was innocently relating a story of his life as a stage driver. On one occasion he was to carry a stage-load of voters, when a member of the opposition offered Mr. Weller £10 if by accident the stage should turn over at a certain bad place in the road. "An' would you believe it, sir, by a very strange an' remarkable coincidence that ar' stage turned over at that ar' very point."

A LARGER ELEPHANT THAN JUMBO.—There has just arrived at Liverpool, consigned to a local naturalist, an elephant which is perhaps the largest captive animal in the world, for though not quite so high as Jumbo, it is more weighty, weighing nearly five tons. Its trunk at the thickest part has a circumference of three and a half feet.—[London Times.]

Such as Oliver Plows, Meikle and Avery Double Shovel, and the Brinkley Turning and Single and Double Shovel and one-horse Harrow combined. No farmer should be without it.

Straw Cutters, Improved Hocking Valley Corn Shellers,

Evans' Corn Drills, Hand Corn Planters,

And the Best Pump in The Market, the Mayfield Elevator.

WALL PAPER!

AT

M'ROBERTS & STAGG'S

Druggists and Booksellers,

Opera House Block, - - - Stanford, Ky.

H. C. RUPLEY,

MERCHANT TAILOR.

Stanford, - - - Kentucky,

Groceries, Provisions, &c.,

AT WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.

H. C. BRIGHT,

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Semi-Weekly Interior Journal

STANFORD, KY.

Tuesday Morning, - June 3, 1883

W. P. WALTON, - - - EDITOR

THE BAR ASSOCIATION which met in Louisville, last week, seemed to think of something else besides eating and drinking, though that formed a considerable part of the programme. The questions discussed were those of an important character and it is hoped that their agitation may lead to the much needed changes demanded. Judge Barr read a paper advocating certain improvements in our jury system, on which, by the way, this paper has repeatedly expressed itself. In the first place he thinks that the Sheriff should not be allowed to summon jurors from the bystanders, as this allows the use of professionals, who hang around Court-houses for the purpose of turning a penny by hanging a jury. Neither does he think that jurors should be selected for a pending trial as this gives an opportunity to pack a jury. At present the State has but five peremptory challenges, while an accused has twenty. This leaves the State almost at the mercy of the defense and is the real cause of the many worthless and incompetent juries being foisted on the country. He believes like all honest thinking men that an equal number of challenges should be the law. The word "vicinage" ought to be left out of the jury provisions in the bill of rights and "a speedy trial by an impartial jury," alone be assured. As it is at present stands the jury system is an impediment to the enforcements of the laws and there is a constantly increasing dissatisfaction with it. Our next legislature should do all in its power to remedy the existing evils so that a majority of a jury shall bring in a verdict. The absurd law which makes one bull-headed man count more than eleven more competent ones, is a relic of the past that ought to be buried with it.

NOTES OF CURRENT EVENTS.

One hundred and thirteen deaths from cholera occurred at Damietta, Egypt, in twenty-four hours.

Ed Whittick attempted to kill Prof. Geo. A. Yates, Covington, Friday, because he had whipped him when a boy.

There were one hundred and nine deaths from cholera at Damietta on Saturday. It is spreading along the Nile.

Some fine Poland China boats were sold not long since in Ohio at \$350 and \$400 each, and a six months' boar pig at \$350.

Out of 500 men examined but three jurors have been gotten in the Polk trial for stealing \$400,000 from the State of Tennessee.

One of the premium locomotives at the Chicago Exposition has made seventy-five miles an hour on the Philadelphia and Reading road.

The saloon keepers in Cincinnati are coming to time. To date the amount of tax paid under the Scott law is \$338,000 and the sum will reach over \$500,000.

Mrs. Pope, a resident of Milan, Tenn., was stung on the nose by a bee and died from the effects of the sting in a few minutes. She was apparently in good health at the time.

Last Friday at the examining trial of Ollie and Preston Brown for the killing of officer Geo. Freeman of Versailles, they were remanded to jail without bail until the October term of the Circuit Court.

The estimated decrease of the public debt for June is \$17,500,000. This would make the total reduction of the debt for the fiscal year ended Saturday about \$137,225,000.

President Arthur is a practical civil service reformer. Three of the Collectors deposed in Virginia voted for Garfield and Arthur, while their successors supported Hancock and English. They were Mafonites.

Five murderers pulled hemp Friday. Three were swung off from one gallows at Fort Smith, Ark., a negro executed the lone act at Cambridge, Md., and at Dalton, Ga., another negro was dropped with a "dull thud."

J. R. Deering was killed recently at Bowling Green by a falling circus billboard. His widow yesterday received a verdict of \$10,000 against Sells Bros. and the circus proprietors, and Forbes Bros., who erected the board.

President Arthur leaves Washington to-day for New York. July 10 he goes to Newport for a two weeks' stay. Then he will cruise along the New England coast, and, before returning to Washington, will visit the Yellowstone region.

Now that wheat is down to a dollar, or thereabout, farmers will have something to say about it. In the country where winter wheat is grown, there are commodious barns and the golden grain is a good thing to have on hand. - [Cincinnati Com.]

Col. Thomas L. Jones was here Monday and made a speech. All that is necessary to say is, that he did not come at the instance of the Democratic Central Committee of the State, nor to advance the cause of the State ticket. - [Owen News.]

For the first six months of 1881 the business failures were 2,862; for the first six months of 1882, 3,597; for the first half of 1883, 4,637. In 1881 the liabilities of the first six months were \$40,000,000; in 1882, \$50,000,000; for the first six months in 1883, \$66,000,000.

On a wager of \$2 that he dare not do it, Charles Barnes, who must be a low flung idiot, rode through the streets of Sheppardsville, without a stitch of clothing on his person. He was arrested and tried for a breach of the peace and very justly fined \$100 and ordered to jail for 25 days. As disgraceful as was such an offense, there were fools enough in Sheppardsville to sign a petition asking for the pardon of Barnes, but Governor Blackburn acted sensibly for once and refused to grant it.

Or the seven tidal wave States last fall, which gave an aggregate democratic plurality of 283,058, Ohio, New Jersey, New York and Massachusetts hold important elections this year. In making up the large democratic plurality foregoing, New York and Pennsylvania contributed 192,854 and 40,202 respectively, and in those States, republicans in crowds repudiated the regular party candidates.

We take it all back. The Virginia editors, Beirne and Elam, meant business in their duel and succeeded after many difficulties and failures in effecting a meeting near Waynesboro, Va., where they stood up like warriors and fired 32 calibre balls at each other, with only eight paces intervening.

At the first shot a simultaneous report of the pistols rent the air and Beirne's cast coat was wounded in the tail. Goaded by this fresh indignity he demanded a second shot and steady his nerves, he pulled trigger and Elam fell to the earth, severely wounded in the thigh. Being unable to stand and try it again, the wounded honor of the two billigerants were declared dead and Beirne was driven rapidly from the field. Elam was taken charge of by his surgeon and conveyed in a carriage to Lt. Gov. Lewis, where he lies in a suffering condition. His death would probably not affect the material interests of the State, if indeed, it did not prove an advantage. He is the hired tool of Mahone and is as pliant and yielding to the base repudiator as clay in the hands of the potter. Beirne, on the other hand, has labored very hard to promote the welfare of his State and keep her in her former proud position, and is a high-toned gentleman. It is a pity that he engaged in such a business, though if men must fight, the code is preferable to the prevailing stile in Kentucky and elsewhere of "getting the drop" on a man and killing him almost in cold blood.

A NEW YORK fiend, unfortunately the father of a pretty girl, compelled her to have her beautiful teeth, of which she was justly proud, extracted because she received visits from a gentleman against his wishes. Girls should endeavor to obey their parents, but a beast who could be guilty of such an act as the above should be roasted to death by a slow fire.

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Collector A. M. Swope took in during June, internal revenue to the amount of \$183,254.80. During the fiscal year his collections have been \$1,974,863.32.

Geo. Noel, aged twenty-three, who was sent to the penitentiary from Franklin county Saturday, is now serving his fifth sentence in that institution. The Governor ought to pardon him.

Hon. Chas. Francis Armstead, of color, a former member of the Mississippi Legislature, and a forcible democratic speaker, will make a number of speeches in Kentucky during the campaign.

A company has been formed in London for the purpose of laying two more cables between England and the United States. The stock has been subscribed. The new company will have all the cable business of the Postal Telegraph Company. One of the cables will be laid before the close of the present year.

The Democratic State Central Committee has issued a circular requesting the Chairmen of the Central Committees in all the counties to call meetings and arrange for a thorough local canvass in each legislative district. It is important that the issues of the campaign should be thoroughly discussed throughout all the villages, as well as in the cities. United and effective work is looked for everywhere.

MR. VERNON DEPARTMENT.

Managed by John B. Fish.

I might have been drunk when my last report was written, but I don't remember to have taken a single drink.

M. J. Cook is the republican candidate for representative. If we have to have a republican member, I could not think of one who would suit better.

Miss Mamie Martin, of Brodhead, is in town. Mr. Mart Dillon, the most clever and accommodating baggage master on the L. & N. R. R., spent Thursday in our town.

The young gentlemen who went to Lancaster to attend the hop Friday night, returned Saturday and Sunday. They were well pleased with the people of Lancaster.

It was reported in town last week that James Hardin, of Upper Roundstone, had been killed by a young man who struck him on the head with a pistol. This report was not correct. Hardin was knocked in the head but was not badly injured. Both parties were drunk.

Our efficient section foreman, J. B. Douglas killed a snake near the Big Fill which measured nine feet in length. It had caught a rabbit and was coiled around him when killed. The snake was cut open and was found to contain four other rabbits. Mr. Douglas is not a drinking man.

A man by the name of Stoney was arrested in Louisville one day last week and brought to this place for trial. He is charged with stealing two hounds, a horn used by hunters to call their dogs, one calf and about fifty pieces of dynamite. When he left here a few days, he was in too much of a hurry to take his property with him. He telegraphed Mr. Mare to send his baggage, but he need not send the dogs. His trial is set for next Thursday afternoon.

BEYOND THE OCEAN'S WAVE

"PRAISE THE LORD"

102 SHACKLEWELL LANE, DALSTON, LONDON, E. June 10th, '83

Dear Interior:

Bro. Noble, whose fund of anecdote is inexhaustible, in speaking of the way in which unintelligent sight-seers in this and other countries, are put upon" by interested guides, often as ignorant as themselves, told us an illustrative incident, for which, however, he did not vouch:

A rustic visitor at Rye House, while being shown the mysteries of that historic plotting-place, among other things received this wondrous scrap of information from his volatile chaperone:

"Do you see that stair-case, sir? Well, right on that spot, sir, the great Spurgeon met Oliver Cromwell." I was reminded of that as I listened to a policeman (not of the pious sort mentioned in my last), who after a great show of mystery and peeping around corridors, proposed to take us to the crypt of Edward the Confessor, in Westminster Abbey, where very few ever had the chance of going. Our curiosity being duly whetted, he went after a mysterious key, and still preserving the startled look of a conspirator, risking much for our sakes, led us through an old rrot door into a mouldy basement, where, in a great room we found the appliances of a modern gymnasium; rope ladders, swinging rings and even a leather-covered hobby horse.

Inquiring a wondering way what all this meant, our guide informed us that the ancient crypt was used for an exercise room by the boys of Westminster school, but then proceeded to show us various bricked-up nooks where the monks used to have their cells, and sundry arches, very ancient, interlarding his comments with historical items, about as reliable as the one above quoted; and in due time getting us out of the old place, with such added mystery, once and again coming back to tell us, in a sepulchral undertone, to wait until the head master had passed and the coast was quite clear, so that when we issued from the old iron door, we had all the feeling of people who had been engaged in some unlawful enterprise, and were only too glad to give the man his shilling and get away to some place where we could once more feel innocent and breathe freely. Oh, how hungry for a shilling are these officials, and what will they not do to extract one from the willing or unwilling visitor!

Another of Bro. Noble's illustrative anecdotes will bear repeating, because it contains a principle and points a moral almost equal to the story of the Illinois farmer who wanted more land to raise more corn feed more hogs to get more money to buy more land, etc., etc.

At a lunatic asylum where the gentler of the poor creatures were permitted to run in the large yard with only partial surveillance, one of them leaning on the fence and noticing a gentleman passing by, mounted on a splendid hunter, on his way to the "meet" of the hounds, accosted him thus:

"Where are you going?"

"To the meet," was the good-humored

reply of the gentleman, knowing that the poor fellow was a "patient."

"Is that your home?"

"Yes."

"What did he cost?"

"One hundred guineas."

"How many of you go to meet?"

"About a hundred."

"How many dogs do you have?"

"Fifty."

"What is a dog worth?"

"Ten guineas."

"What do you do when you go to meet?"

"Hunt a fox."

"What do you do when you catch him?"

"Kill him."

"Humph! is that all?"

"Yes."

"One hundred gentlemen with horses worth 100 guineas each; that comes to £10,000; 50 dogs worth 10 guineas each; that is £500 more; and all you get for that money is one poor little fox, and a dead one at that. Look here, my friend, I advise you to have the lunatics shut up? That's the question suggested by the story.

A few little points, of possible interest, before we leave London, for I do not doubt that Hastings will have its own items of interest, and somehow or other I feel as if our stay in the dear old city was near its end and we were soon to leave it for good.

If we get started in the provinces, we shall hardly return again. Remember the 35,000,000 shut up in a territory not larger than the State of New York and Pennsylvania!

We shall be ready for our voyage to India when this area shall have been partially visited. The way has been opened up to Scotland already, as I think

I mentioned in my last. The good hand of our God is so plainly in it that we feel no hesitancy in making the move on the 29th inst.

Until then the time is fully occupied by the Hastings meeting until the 18th and after that the Stratford services for 10 days longer. Not Stratford-on-Avon, which is a good way off, but Stratford-in-the-east of London, near Victoria Park and not very far from Shacklewell Lane.

Last Tuesday afternoon we had the pleasure of hearing a "Bible Reading" by Mr. Andrew Jukes, the dear man of God mentioned in the preface to "God's Love Story."

He is near his three-score and ten,

but his "bow still abides in strength," and his erect figure still tells that he has something soldierly in his make-up. He was an officer in the Indian army in his young manhood and I will warrant, a gallant one. His head is bald and beard snowy, now, but his tall, graceful figure and springing step make light of the many years that have only conquered these outworks, leaving the inner citadel still strong.

As a teacher, he is as grand in the drawing-room, surrounded by eager listeners, as in his fascinating books.

Any of my readers who have read his "Characteristic Differences of the Four Gospels," or "Law of Levitical Offerings," or "Types of Genesis," know what this means.

The Bible reading of Tuesday was on "The Cross," as set forth in 1st Cor. 1st chap.

I know some of the dear Bible readers who see these lines will think me for a few moments from memory that will throw light on that portion of God's word:

Semi-Weekly Interior Journal

STANFORD, KY.

Tuesday Morning, - July 3, 1883

I. & H. LOCAL TIME CARD.

Mail train going North	1 15 P. M.
" " South	2 00 P. M.
Express train, North	2 30 P. M.
" " North	2 35 A. M.

LOCAL NOTICES.

BUY PAINTS of Penny & McAlister.
NICE stock of birthday cards at Penny & McAlister's.

STANDARD ready mixed paints at McRoberts & Stagg's.

ALL the colors of Diamond Dyes at McRoberts & Stagg's.

Genuine B. F. Gravely tobacco at McRoberts & Stagg's.

Jos. Haas Hog Chokers Cure. Penny & McAlister sole agents.

WATCHES, Clocks and Jewelry repaired and warranted by Penny & McAlister.

GIVEN up that McRoberts & Stagg make the best Soda Water in the world. Try it.

MACHINE OIL, which will neither heat nor burn, 60 cents per gallon. Also extra strained lard oil at McRoberts & Stagg's.

PERSONAL.

Mrs SALLIE ENGLEMAN, of Danville, is visiting friends here.

Mrs MATTIE TRIBBLE has gone to Richmond to visit friends.

Miss KATHIE GANO, of Paris, is the guest of Miss Clara Helm.

Miss SALLIE PENNY is spending a few days with Miss Hannah Fair.

Miss MOLLIE JOHNSON, of Lancaster, is visiting Mrs. B. K. Wearen.

Miss SUSIE WOODDYS of Brodhead, is visiting the Misses Hutchison.

Mr. ROBERT FENZEL left on the 2:35 train this morning for a visit to his old home in Cincinnati.

JUDGE J. A. LYTHE has returned from a visit to his daughter, Mrs. W. H. Anderson at Harper, Kansas.

MR. JOHN P. IDOL who has been attending the Normal School at Valparaiso, Ind., has returned home.

Mrs. GEO. H. BRUCE and Howard have returned from a lengthy visit to friends in Frankfort, Carlisle and Paris.

HON. LOGAN MCKEE, of Danville, was here yesterday smiling from ear to ear at the news of Col. Swope's resignation. He expects to be his successor.

Miss SALLIE PHILIPS, who has been visiting relatives in Smithland, La., returned home Saturday bringing with her aunt, Mrs. Laura Baggett.

Mrs. BETTY FARRIS has returned home bringing with her Miss Emma Higginbotham, of Paint Lick, and her two cousins, Misses Lida Elmore and Annie Finney, of Kirkville.

HON. WM. BERKELEY, late Ch'm. of the republican State Central Committee, was over Saturday and listened with rapt attention to the oratory of Capt. Hindman. The fact that he retired as soon as Gen. Fry opened up showed that he knew the old fellow's speech by heart and didn't want to be bored by its rehearsal.

Col. B. R. TURNER, Capt. J. C. Barton and Mr. Dennis A. Shanahan, the two former civil engineers and the latter a contractor on the K. C. R. R., attended the Lancaster Hop and were high in praise of the excellence of its management. They were treated with marked courtesy and made to enjoy themselves to the fullest extent.

LOCAL MATTERS.

NEW LAWNS at Robt. S. Lytle's.

FRUIT Jars and Cans at Bruce, Warren & Co's.

W. H. HIGGINS has the plow for laying by corn.

WHITE Mountain Ice cream Freezers at H. C. Bright's.

BALL'S health preserving corsets for sale at Robt. S. Lytle's.

CHAMPION Reaper and Mower repairs of every description at Bruce, Warren & Co's.

BOTH of our Banks have shut down on the Trade dollar and will not take them at any price.

We have the biggest stock of sugars in town. Special figures for 50 lbs. or more. H. C. Bright.

TICKETS at one fare for the round trip at all stations on the Kentucky Central to-day and to-morrow.

EIGHT passenger trains daily, four in the day and four at night, ought to meet the traveling demands of the people of Stanford.

FRUIT JARS.—We have more of them than we think we can sell, and have reduced the price on them. Any style you want. H. C. Bright.

THE negro, Scott Jones, who stabbed Sam Cobb, was turned at Turnersville Saturday and held to answer. The wounded negro is rapidly recovering.

OUR suggestion that the Junction here be called Stanford Junction instead of Richmond Junction has been adopted by the K. C. That locates the place and will not confuse travelers as does the old name.

CHAMPION MACHINE REPAIRS.—I have on hands such as are generally needed and if parties in need of such repairs will call on me, I can frequently save them annoying delays and expense. Geo. D. Wearen.

THE omnibus line to the Kentucky Central is now open. Busses will leave Stanford at 3:30 a. m. to connect with the 4 o'clock train and at 9:30 to bring passengers from the 10 o'clock train. Will call at the residences of those who notify me the night before. A. T. Nunnelley.

CONSOLIDATED.—Mr. H. C. Bright has purchased the stock of Groceries, Hardware, &c., of Asher Owlesley & Son and will in a short time move his present stock to that stand. Mr. Owlesley sells out because of his continued bad health. Mr. Walter W. Owlesley will have a position as clerk in the consolidated store. Mr. Bright is one of the liveliest and most enterprising men ever in Stanford and we are glad to see him spread himself.

FOR SALE.—Car load of nice timothy hay, ready baled. John Bright, Stanford.

FOR SALE.—A handsome residence. Will sell very cheap. W. Craig, Stanford.

ELEGANT new designs in Picture Frames and Cornice Moldings at B. K. Wearen's.

OUR semi-annual settlement of accounts is July first, and we will be pleased to have all indebted to us to come and settle without delay. McRoberts & Stagg.

MR. THOMAS D. MARTIN obtained license yesterday to marry Mrs. Anthus Camden at Mr. Silas Anderson's to-day. She is a widow aged 43 and she a widow of 39.

REPORTS of mad dogs in the community has caused Mayor Daugherty to issue an order requiring owners of dogs to muzzle them, otherwise they will be killed if caught running at large.

THE gross earnings of the First National Bank of Stanford to July 1, 1883, were \$19,730.91; expenses paid, \$4,687.87; taxes paid, \$2,050.10, leaving net earnings \$12,992.94, which were distributed as follows:

Paid 3 per cent. dividend, \$7,500; carried to surplus fund, \$2,500; reduced premiums, \$2,992.94. The Bank began business last October.

THE Farmers National Bank of Stanford ended the gross amount of \$12,936.76 during the six months ending June 30, and after declaring a dividend of 4 per cent., which amounted to \$8,000, paying current expenses of \$2,610.87 and taxes to the amount of \$1,376.27, carried over \$920.62 to surplus fund, which now amounts to \$31,200.82.

THE resignation of Col. A. M. Swope will take all save his intimate friends by surprise. He has made a most excellent officer and though opposed by a set who are jealous of him, he has triumphed over all opposition and quits of his own accord without fear of removal and with his colonels sailing in the air. His letter to the President appears in another column.

OWING to the fact that the mail has been changed from the evening to the early morning train on the Richmond Branch and there has been no arrangements to get it from the Junction to this place, it will take two days for mail to get from Lancaster and Richmond here till the P. O. officials wake up to their business. Our Lancaster letter, mailed yesterday, is locked up at the Junction, where it will remain till 1:15 P. M. to day.

TO MORROW promises to be the biggest day ever known to Highland. The celebration of the 4th will be attended with numerous interesting features, of which there will be speeches by Col. Hill and Welch, and others, music by the Valley Concert Band, Balloon Ascension by Bruce, Warren & Co., &c., &c., all promising to make it a day to be remembered by the people of that vicinity. A large crowd will attend from here.

A CROQUET PARTY was given by Miss Lettie Bailey to her visitors, Misses Jessie and Belle Cook, Lizzie Drye, Jennie Reid and Lou Hooker, of Hustonville, and Miss Mary Dunlap, Danville, Jennie and Emma Sauldy, Katie, Annie and Nannie Baughman, of Stanford, and Gertrude Grady, of Columbus, on Friday evening last, which was greatly enjoyed by them. After an elegant supper a number of tableaux were given and Miss Gertrude recited a selection with a rare eloquence effect for one of her age. A number of young gentlemen were present and assisted in the merry-making.

CAPT. HINDMAN and GEN. FRY.—A rather small crowd gathered in the Court-House Saturday afternoon to listen to the discussion of State politics by the above candidates for Lieutenant Governor. Capt. Hindman began by saying that he regretted that his opponent had forced the oft-repeated and long since exploded charge that the democratic officials had squandered the money of the State, instead of discussing the live issues of the day, such as the school question and the development of the great resources of the Commonwealth. But since he had seen fit to do so, he was both ready and able to prove the charge false and made solely for party ends. In regard to the assets of the State when the democrats came into power in 1867, he showed that the railroad and turnpike stocks were put down that year at \$4,000,000, their original cost; a few years later by a depreciation in values the amount was reduced to \$2,000,000, when it was rated at its proper value. He then went on to show that although the democratic party had reduced taxation from 40 to 20c on the \$100 for revenue proper, afterwards raising it to 25c, it had paid off the State debt of \$5,000,000 with the exception of \$180,000 not payable till 1892, and had assets to the amount of nearly \$700,000 with which to liquidate that. It was true that the democrats had before the enfranchisement of the negro voted an increase of the school tax from 5 to 20 cents on the \$100 for school purposes, but with this our taxes are lighter than any of the States and we have a school system as good as any of them, and if our schools are not so good, it is not the fault of the law. He then showed how the republicans managed the State finances in those States which the foul carpet-bagger by the aid of the administration and the ignorant negroes, were permitted to rule over after the close of the war. In the ten States in the hands of carpet-bag administrators, they had increased the debt to the startling aggregate of \$302,000,000; in Georgia, for instance, raising it from \$3,000,000 to \$44,000,000. With these statistics staring them in the face, he thought it the height of hardihood for such a party to talk about democratic extravagance in a State which is better off financially than any in the Union.

Capt. Hindman's time having expired, he yielded the stand to Gen. Fry, who was evidently so disconcerted at the startling exposition of facts and figures that he hardly knew where to begin. His false charges had been so completely disposed of that he could not discuss the finances of Kentucky, but instead, entered into a labored defense of the carpet-baggers and their mismanagement of State affairs, which occupied the most of his time. He finally got to the school law and while admitting that it was a difficult duel with Misses Lagland. There besides being possessed of rare personal attractions, is gifted with a voice that is peculiarly sweet and tender and at the same time strong and capable. That it had been carefully cultivated was shown in the excellent manner in which she executed her difficult pieces. She favored the audience a number of times during the evening, each time adding fresh laurels to her brow and winning not only hearty applause, but floral offerings of many handsome and unique designs. Mrs. Henry Jones and Miss Nannie Jones have good voices, the latter a very sweet alto, and they added much to the melody of the concert. Mrs. J. M. Phillips played the accompaniments for the singers in her usually expert manner and won many handsome compliments. Mr. H. C. Jones, disguised almost beyond recognition as an elderly colored gentleman, sang "Old Kentuck Home" with much earnestness and was loudly applauded. The singing of Geo. Jones and Mr. George was well received; the former distinguishing himself in a difficult duel with Misses Lagland. There was some rather poor character singing by Mr. Turner from Lexington, who however redeemed himself in a farce which closed the performance. George Brothers orchestra furnished the instrumental music and did it very satisfactorily. The entertainment opened with prayer and closed with a sermon by Rev. Mr. Coleyman, but the latter was not enjoyed especially by the writer, who was rather tired and sleepy at the late hour of its delivery.

THE KENTUCKY CENTRAL.
Its Opening a Big Thing for Stanford and Lincoln County.

The Kentucky Central R. R. was completed from Paris to Richmond last week and on Sunday the gauge of the Richmond branch which that Co. has perpetually leased from the L. & N. was changed to correspond with the other part of the road, and yesterday morning at 4 o'clock the first train pulled out from "Stanford Junction" bound for Cincinnati, which city it reached at 11:30. For the present two trains will run daily from the Junction, the first leaving at 4 a. m. for Cincinnati, returning at 3 P. M. and reaching the Junction at 10 P. M.; the other will carry both freight and passengers and run on the L. & N. An arrangement has been made with Mt. A. T. Nunnelley to meet each passenger train with his omnibus and to deliver the passengers anywhere in Stanford that they wish to stop. The omnibus will also call at the residences of those who notify him that they want to go on this road. An agency has been established at McRoberts & Stagg's, with W. B. McRoberts agent, where tickets can be procured not only over the K. C. but to any point, North, East or West on the most favorable figures.

The advantages that will accrue to the people of this section by the opening of another outlet to the great markets of the country, can not be overestimated and yesterday marks a new era in the history of Stanford and Lincoln county. A part of the great Chesapeake & Ohio system, connected at Covington with the Pennsylvania Railroad, whose trains run into its yards, the Kentucky Central will be able to offer inducements both to travelers and to those having freight to ship, such as can not be given by any other route. It will be the direct line to the Cincinnati market, where if shippers of stock fail to get the price they expect, they can reship to New York without expense. Or in case the East should be at first their ultimate point, a rest and feed of from 6 to 12 hours can be taken at Covington, where the Co. has extensive stock pens all under shed, with running water passing through them. Then from the same pens they can be loaded into cars on the Pennsylvania road and taken to their destination. All this can be done and cheaper than by any of the existing routes.

Gen. Superintendent, G. W. Bender, with his chief clerk, Mr. C. B. McVey, Col. L. Brown, Gen. Ticket and Freight Agent and his assistant, the fat and jovial Mr. S. F. B. Morse and Mr. J. R. Robertson, of the Auditor's Department were here Sunday making arrangements for their business and endeavoring to ascertain the wants of the people. They are all clever and accommodating gentlemen, whose aim seems to be to cater to the wishes of the public and thereby build up the interests of their road. We are glad such gentlemen will be thrown with us and we trust our citizens will show them every courtesy in their power.

Judge Hill concluded his speech by a clear and forcible statement of his position upon certain issues likely to be before the next Legislature and what he hoped to do in the way of general legislation should he be elected. These positions were heartily applauded by the audience. His speech, was a rousing strong one and will do him and the party much good in August. There is hardly room to doubt that he will be elected by five hundred majority.

Judge Hill got through skinning Bobbitt yesterday, Maj. F. D. Rigney, democratic candidate for Senator, made a short and appropriate speech, reaffirming his allegiance to his party and urging democrat to do their duty on election day. If elected, as he will be in case they do, he will do all in his power to advance the interests of the State and his section. Capt. Sam. M. Boone, a recent recruit to republicanism, who has been rewarded by being made an object of pity as well as a source of amusement to the crowd. He turned wistfully to Judge Higgins for sympathy. "Judge," said he, with a watery smile, "Hill seems to have the drop on me to-day." "The drop, h—l" said the bluff Judge, "He has got your hide and tail now, and if he speaks ten minutes longer there won't be a great spot left of you." In fact the general verdict of the audience made up of people from all parts of the county, was that there has not been such a thorough and effective castigation of a political tramp in Lincoln county since the day Ed. Marshall went for and got the epidermis of a certain well-known gentleman years ago, of which we have often heard.

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Judge

STANFORD, KY.

Tuesday Morning, - - July 3, 1883

GRAVITATION.

Some Curious and Interesting Facts.

If there were two heavenly bodies, one of solid iron and the other of cork, the latter, though three times as large as the former, would have less attraction because it would contain less matter. The force of gravity depends on two laws: First, gravity increases as the amount of matter increases, and, secondly, it decreases as the square of the distance increases. Were a new body created in space 1,000 miles from the earth, its attraction would be felt at the sun just as soon as at the earth, though the one would be 91,000,000 miles off, and the other only 1,000. Again, gravitation is not lessened by the interposition of any substance. The densest bodies offer no obstacle to its free action. Were a body placed on the other side of the moon, it would be attracted by the earth just as much as if the moon were not between them. The direction of gravity is always toward the center. Consequently as the earth is a sphere two stones dropped at opposite sides of it will fall in opposite directions. Why this attraction toward the center, or why the force of gravity at all, philosophy fails to discover. It is not because any peculiar attractive power resides in the earth; a falling body tends toward that point; but, in a sphere, this is the result of the attraction of all the particles. The particles on one side attract the falling body as much as those on the other, and consequently it seeks a point between them.

No two plumbets suspended in different places have exactly the same direction, for the lines in which they hang would meet at the center of the earth. At short distances, however, the difference of direction is so slight as to be imperceptible, and the plumbets seem to point the same way.

It follows, therefore, that up and down are relative and not absolute terms. The earth is so much larger than the bodies near its surface that it is not perceptibly affected by their attraction. Even if a ball 500 feet in diameter were placed in the atmosphere 500 feet from the earth's surface, the earth, being 580 million million times greater than the ball, would draw the latter to itself, while it would advance to meet it less than one ninety-six-thousand-millionth of an inch, a distance so small that it cannot be appreciated.

The sun is 800 times greater than all the planets put together. It is on account of this enormous amount of matter that its attraction is felt by the most remote bodies of the solar system. According to the second law, if the sun were twice as far from the earth as it now is, it would attract the latter with but one-fourth of its present force; if three times as far, with one-ninth; if four times as far, with one-sixteenth, etc. So, if two equal masses were situated respectively 5,000 miles and 10,000 miles from the earth's center, the nearer would be attracted not twice but four times as strongly as the more distant.

All bodies on the earth's surface, however small, attract each other with greater or lesser force, according to their masses and distance. This attraction in most cases is absorbed in the far greater attraction of the earth, and consequently cannot be perceived. In the case of mountains, however, it is so strong as to have a sensible effect on plumbets suspended at their base. Instead of pointing directly toward the center of the earth, a plumb-line in such a position is found to incline slightly toward the mountain.

When a body is supported or prevented from following the impulse of gravity it presses on that which supports it, more or less strongly, according to the force with which it is attracted. This downward pressure is simply its weight, and that weight is no more than the measure of a body's gravity, and is proportioned to the amount of matter contained.

Weight being nothing more than the measure of the force with which bodies are drawn toward the earth, it follows that, if the earth contained twice as much matter as it now does, they would have twice their present weight; if it contained three times as much matter, three times their present weight, etc.

Since the weight of a body is the measure of its gravity, and since gravity decreases as the square of the distance from the earth's center increases, it follows that bodies become lighter in the same proportion as they are taken up from the earth's surface. A mass of iron which at the earth's surface weighs 1,000 pounds, taken up to a height of 4,000 miles, would weigh only 250 of such pounds, or one-fourth as much as before.

If we could go from the surface of the earth to the center, we should find a given object weigh less and less as we advanced. The moment we descended beneath the surface, we would leave particles of matter behind us, and the attraction of these would act in a direction directly opposite to gravity.

At the center of the earth no object would weigh anything. There would be as many particles above the line as below it; and the object, being equally attracted on all sides, would have no weight.

The weight of an object differs at different parts of the earth's surface. A mass of lead, for instance, that weighs 1,000 pounds at the poles, will weigh only 995 such pounds at the equator. This is owing to two causes: The equatorial diameter is about twenty-six and one-half miles longer than the polar diameter; and, therefore, an object at

the equator is farther from the center and less strongly attracted than at any other point. The centrifugal force is greatest at the equator, and therefore counterbalances more of the downward attraction there than at any other part of the surface, making the weight less. It has been computed that, if the earth revolved seventeen times as fast as it now does, the centrifugal force at the equator would counterbalance gravity entirely, and thus deprive all bodies of weight. If the earth's velocity were further increased, all things at the equator would be thrown off into space.

The general effect of gravity is to draw bodies toward the earth; but sometimes it causes them to rise. A balloon, for instance, mounts to the clouds. This is because it contains less matter than a mass of air of the same bulk, or, as we say briefly, it is lighter than air. Hence the air, acted on more strongly by gravity than the balloon, is drawn toward the earth under the latter, which is thus caused to rise.

DEADWOOD AS IT IS.

Deadwood, writes a correspondent of the Boston Journal, is a town of 3,500 to 4,000 people. Enthusiasts claim 6,000. Search all New England for the deepest, narrowest valleys between the highest hills in the "Switzerland of America," not excepting the White mountains, nor the Franconia Notch, stretch the ravine two, three, five, ten miles, and you have a conception of the lay of the land about Deadwood. Along the lowest line of the ravine run the combined waters of the Whitewater and Deadwood creeks. Whitewater is the last name one would think of applying to the red stream of thin mud that comes down from the quartzills of Lead and Central, through the placid chains of hard-working men who are seeking to "wash" their way to wealth.

Main street, Deadwood, lacks few of the kinds of business houses to be found in Minneapolis, for example, and has many that even Chicago has not. Miners' tools and materials make a distinct and profitable branch of business. Schools are good in towns of that size often support churches—Congregational, Methodist, Episcopal and Catholic—as well organized, housed and manned as the saintliest could ask. Houses as neat, tasteful and refined a culture can carry to the front, invite the business man, with his family, to settle for life. Such is the intelligence of the place—so many of the people are educated and accustomed to the best society furnishes everywhere, that a second-rate preacher, teacher or craftsman of any sort would stand far less of a chance than among the staid communities of good old England. Dullness, stupidity, tramps and quacks are advised to go.

Deadwood is the hub of the hills. Everything centers in there—radiates from there. It is the distributing point for Uncle Sam, for the miners, for the ranchers and the prospectors. Beginning with lower town, "Elkhorn City," and passing through "Elizabethtown" (the portion that was burned July 28) and "Chinatown" to Deadwood proper, one would see roughness, violence, wretchedness. Such appendages hang to every town. Civilization sloughs them as soon as the social machinery is fairly in motion. So it will be here. Deadwood is a marvel of growth, enterprise and morality, when we consider its isolation and the material that floats on the first waves of civilization.

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EDUCATION OF GIRLS.

Many a good mother, looking back over the long road of the past, and gazing on her horny hands, resolves that her daughter shall have a better time. The mother to whom I refer is no longer strong, and Miss Jenny is a healthy young woman of 22. Yet the mother does all the housework, including the sewing and mending for her daughter. The latter makes tattling and edging for her underclothing, and plays very fairly on the piano, which has been squeezed in somewhere, for the family is anything but rich. The mother goes without a new bonnet and fixes her dress over and over, in order that Jenny may appear as well dressed as the other girls of her set. When company comes, Jenny entertains them, and her mother goes on with her work in the kitchen. She waits on the table, and, if anything is wanted during the meal, Jenny never fails to get it, but passes the empty dish to her mother for replenishment, and adjusts her pretty wrists in happy ignorance of the thoughts of those looking on. Now this is all wrong. This girl is not naturally bad; her mother is solely to blame. Mr. Cattin scolds the human race generally for being less sensible than the brutes in this respect, and the whites especially in comparison with the red. We keep our mouths open far too much. The Indian warrior sleeps, hunts and smiles with his mouth shut, keeps his eyes shut, respires through his nostrils, and among the virtues attributed by him to close lips, one is excellent—when you are angry, keep your mouth shut.—*Chambers' Journal.*

ABOUT BEES.

How They Light on Flowers and How They Do Not Fly in Straight Lines.

C. E. Riddler, of Canton, Mass., writes to the *Journal of Education* some highly interesting facts about the bee, obtained by long and patient personal observation. Following are extracts from his letter: "Bees, large and small, never alight on the top of the iris, but always in the same place, between one of the winged styles and one of the petals. I have watched hundreds of them. I have never seen an exception. Soon after alighting they force their bodies down as far as they possibly can into the very narrow space where the petal and style are very close together, breaking the pollen from the anthers above them, and in this place they extract the honey. I have seen them do this on the iris of the garden and on the *Iris Virginica* and the *Iris versicolor* of the meadows, and the process is the same, a bee alighting on one of the irises in my hand."

Mr. Riddler thinks that the office performed by the bee in making flowers productive is to brush the pollen from the anthers and convey it on its body directly into the ovary which it pierces. He thus upsets a well-known popularancy:

"There is one popular delusion about bees, and that is that a 'bee-line' is a straight one. Let the following observation be considered: The hundreds of bees in the meadows, seeking honey of the iris, and going away laden with it, go in a series of delicately curved lines, and not in straight ones. In the woods and fields through their course is just the same. Sitting or reclining on a favorite knoll, where bees are continually flying about, I have seen them, day after day, at the rate of six or eight every minute, make a number of circles, large and small, around my head, and then fly off with great rapidity, not in straight lines for any considerable distance, and this, too, where there was plenty of room for them to fly a great distance in straight lines without any obstructions, but from side to side, in kind of zigzag motion or curved lines.

"Again, passing along the street, there is a great buzzing in the trees near by. It is a swarm of bees. They are directly overhead, and I stop and watch them; there's millions in it. They, too, fly a long distance within sight, not in straight lines, but in curves—majestic curves. Many of them fly swiftly from one side of the swarm to the other, but always in curves. Perhaps they are the 'mounted police,' and this may explain their curve-like motion, but it does not explain why the whole swarm moves thus.

"Once more: Near the last day of the term a bee flies into the schoolroom. During its flight across the room, perhaps twenty-five or thirty feet, it changes its course four or five times, alights on a window pane, makes several ineffectual attempts to climb the smooth surface, scents a rose on a neighboring desk, is on it in an instant (curves again), is unceasingly thrust to the floor by the young lady owning the rose, and then in another instant makes a bee-line (that is such a line—curves here, too—as a bee makes) for the open window, and is off.

"From these observations, a bee-line is not a mathematically straight one, any more than Court street, or some of the older streets of Boston, as they originally existed, were straight; or any more than cow-paths are straight, or the path of a squirrel climbing a tree to avoid moisture to keep their surfaces in good working order; when the mouth is open, the mucous membrane has a tendency to dry up, the teeth lose their needed supply of moisture, and thence come discoloration, toothache, tickle-loureaux, decay, looseness, and eventual loss of teeth. Mr. Cattin scolds the human race generally for being less sensible than the brutes in this respect, and the whites especially in comparison with the red. We keep our mouths open far too much. The Indian warrior sleeps, hunts and smiles with his mouth shut, keeps his eyes shut, respires through his nostrils, and among the virtues attributed by him to close lips, one is excellent—when you are angry, keep your mouth shut.—*Washington letter.*

SOMETHING ABOUT TEETH.

Why do some people's teeth come out more readily than others? The reasons for this are probably many. About the middle of the last century Peter Kalm, a Swede, visited America and wrote sensibly about what he saw. He observed a frequent loss of teeth among settlers from Europe, especially women. After discussing and rejecting many modes of explanation, he attributed it to hot tea and other hot beverages, and comes to a general conclusion that "hot feeders lose their teeth more readily than cold feeders." Mr. Cattin, who some years ago had an interesting exhibition of Indian scenery, dresses, weapons, etc., noticed that North American Indians have better teeth than the whites. He accounts for the difference in this strange way that the reds keep the mouth shut, whereas the whites keep it open. The teeth, he says, require moisture to keep their surfaces in good working order; when the mouth is open, the mucous membrane has a tendency to dry up, the teeth lose their needed supply of moisture, and thence come discoloration, toothache, tickle-loureaux, decay, looseness, and eventual loss of teeth. Mr. Cattin scolds the human race generally for being less sensible than the brutes in this respect, and the whites especially in comparison with the red. We keep our mouths open far too much. The Indian warrior sleeps, hunts and smiles with his mouth shut, keeps his eyes shut, respires through his nostrils, and among the virtues attributed by him to close lips, one is excellent—when you are angry, keep your mouth shut.—*Chambers' Journal.*

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One of the most touching things we have read in a long time is that story of a robber and a poor lone woman in Ohio. The robber came to her house at night and demanded her money or her life. She hadn't much *cash* or life either, but she preferred giving up the former rather than the latter; so she brought her little store and placed it in his hand. He looked it over carefully, to see that she didn't palm off any 20-cent pieces for quarters, and facetiously told her that he could credit her for only 94 cents on the trade dollars, chiding her for taking them at their face value. "Haven't you anything else of value?" inquired the bold, bad burglar, looking about the scantily furnished apartment; "a child's bracelet, ring, anything will be thankfully received." She had nothing more, save a pearl necklace, and Miss Jenny is a healthy young woman of 22. Yet the mother does all the housework, including the sewing and mending for her daughter. The latter makes tattling and edging for her underclothing, and plays very fairly on the piano, which has been squeezed in somewhere, for the family is anything but rich. The mother goes without a new bonnet and fixes her dress over and over, in order that Jenny may appear as well dressed as the other girls of her set. When company comes, Jenny entertains them, and her mother goes on with her work in the kitchen. She waits on the table, and, if anything is wanted during the meal, Jenny never fails to get it, but passes the empty dish to her mother for replenishment, and adjusts her pretty wrists in happy ignorance of the thoughts of those looking on. Now this is all wrong. This girl is not naturally bad; her mother is solely to blame. Mr. Cattin scolds the human race generally for being less sensible than the brutes in this respect, and the whites especially in comparison with the red. We keep our mouths open far too much. The Indian warrior sleeps, hunts and smiles with his mouth shut, keeps his eyes shut, respires through his nostrils, and among the virtues attributed by him to close lips, one is excellent—when you are angry, keep your mouth shut.—*Chambers' Journal.*

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